

Hewson Reduc'd:

OR, THE

SHOOMAKER

RETURN'D TO HIS

TRADE.

BEING A

SHOW,

Wherein is represented the HONESTY, IN-  
FENSIVENESS, and INDUSTRY of that  
PROFESSION, when 'tis kept within its own Bounds,  
and goes not beyond the

Laft.

*Written by a true Friend to the gentle CRAFT.*



LONDON:

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PROLOGUS }  
EPILOGUS } *a Shoemaker.*

Boot, *a Traveller.*

SPUR, }  
PUMP, } *Boot's Men.*



SHOOE, *a Citizen.*

SHOOSTRING, *Boot's Page.*

SLIPPER, *a Chamberlain.*

PROLOGUS, *a Shoemaker bringing in Boots, Shooes, Slippers, and Pumps.*

Gentlemen, You must understand that a Shoemaker is the Show-maker. I have been two daies making a pair of Boots, Shooes, Slippers, and Pumps; and they had not been done yet, but that I went through stich with Aule. These Boots methinks should fit any man, but those that are too big in the Calf; these Shooes will pinch no man, but he that is troubled with Corns: these Pumps will fit any man, but those that hold Dancing superstitions; these Slippers will please any man I am sure, but he that is out at the Heels: however I'll go presently and put them on; only thus much I'll speak in my own defence.

Muse not we speak of suchlike things as these,  
We shallow Wits wade not above the knees:  
Theselowly things I hope will not distast;  
Men of our Trade go not beyond the Last.

Enter

Enter PUMP.

**H**E that hath served in the Office of a Footman so long as I have done, though ne're so light at first, (ere the year go about) shall be a heavy man. Sure I was born to run as long as I breath : but if the way had not been so dirty, I would have shewed my Master a fair pair of Heels ; but if he send me again to run such a way, I will run quite away. I have come to day further, than I hope I shall go to morrow : for Mr. *Boot* will be sure to have his Liquor before he goes out of Town. My Master hath sent me before to provide his Inne, but I'll meet with him anon for't ; I'll go to the Sign of the Leg, there is my old friend *Slipper* : The sign of the Leg is either in *Shoemaker Row*, or in *Hosier Lane*.

*Pump.* *Shoemaker Row*, or in *Hosier Lane* ? I shall know by this it is a Leg in Print, and see by good luck I have stumbled of the Leg ; first in step ; What, so hoc, Chamberlain ?

*Slip.* Anon, anon, Sir (*intm.*)

*Pump.* It is the trick of these Chamberlains never to do any thing at the first word : What, Chamberlain, Come away.

*Slip.* Anon, anon, Sir ; What, my old Companion *Pump*, with whom I dwelt so long ? Let *Slip*. embrace thee.

*Pump.* I am glad old *Slip*. to see thy heels at liberty, but I'll tell thee what, my Master *Boot* is at the next Town by this time.

*Slip.* He shall be welcome ; in faith he is a good Guest, he'll come off roundly, and therefore *Slip*. will be alwaies ready for him.

*Pump.* Come, let's see a Chamber presently.

*Slip.* I, presently ; I know Mr. *Boot* is a neat fellow, and therefore he shall have a very neat Chamber. Exit *Slip*.

*Pump.* Make hast again : I never felt my self so weary in all my life ; I perceive now poor *Pump*, thou art past the best, such another Journey as this will quite wear thee out. Enter *Slip*.

*Slip.* I know *Pump* thou art dry, come follow me into the Room, and there *Pump* I'll give thee a slash.

*Pump.* Do thy worst : *Pump* will never refuse good Liquor.

*Slip.* I think our Trades are both alike one the other, for Chamberlains and Footmen get their living by running up and down.

*Pump.* Nay, soft, the Footman hath the better, for he may go before his Master.

*Slip.* Why, are not Chamberlains men of great calling ? every one that hath to do with them, shall finde them men of good reckoning.

*Pump.* Faith *Slip*. there you go o're me, and besides this, Footmen are very provident, for be their Master ne're so wise, they must rise betimes if they will over reach them.

*Slip.* Faith Chamberlains are as cunning, for they have alwaies a trick to deceive their Masters, for if they be above, they will under-mine them, if below, they will be sure to come over them.

*Pump.* Well, *Slipper*, P. will not fall out with thee; we will drown our quarrels in this Glass of drink.

*Slip.* What? Mother *Gerris* Round? one to another?

*Boat.* (Enter *Boat* and *Spur*.)

*Boat.* Come *Spur*, where art thou?

*Spur.* Hard at your heels, Sir.

*B.* Faith but for thee I should not have got to my Journeys end to night.

*S.* Faith Master we were fain to prick on hard: *Spur* did his best to set you forward.

*B.* Well-said *Spur*, I see that thou art all mettle.

*Sp.* Yet as soon as you come to your Journeys end, you cast me off.

*B.* But yet thou hast the wit to stick close to me.

*Sp.* I do it for your sake, for you will never ride without me.

*B.* This is one thing, I know thee trusty, for many times thou hast fought tip to the ears in blood for my sake.

*Sp.* Nay, I would have you know my Service on foot too, for unless I attend you, you can walk in no fashion.

*Boat.* But *Spur*, One thing I like not in thee, thou spoilest all my Horses, thou art a very sore Rider.

*S.* Why I am as good as Provender to your Horses, I will stick close to his Ribs.

*B.* Let it be thy part to see my Horses well curried, while I go call for my Lodging: What, Chamberlain? Exit *Spur*.

*Pump.* O here is Mr. *Boat*, I know by his creaking *Slipper*: Now shew a slippery trick, and slip away the Jugg. (Exit *Slip*.) And I will pump for an answer for my Master. O Mr. *Pump* stoops as low as your feet to welcome you to the sign of the Leg. *Boat.* Methinks you are somewhat fine. I doubt some body hath tripp'd you since you came in. *Pump.* I must needs say your poor Vassal hath been ves-felling; I have been with *Slipper* and have set foot to foot and drunk hard.

*B.* These be your old tricks: as long as there is any strong Beer to be had, *Pump* will drink no water. But what have you provided for my Supper?

*Pump.* Faith I have clean forgotten, I spoke for something, but I know not what; Call up the Chamberlain, he knows more of my minde.

*Boat.* Just such a trick you served me at *Flushing* when you were drunk.

*Pump.* Master, if you will believe me, I was as sober as I am now. *Boat.* 'Tis well you can be drunk and stand in't too. What, Chamberlain? Enter *Slip*.

Anon, Anon, Sir, What's your Worships pleasure. *B.* What did my man bespeak for Supper. *S.* Three Jugs of Beer, and half a dram of Tobacco.

*Pump.* St. St. *Slip*. O, I cry you mercy, I mistook the Room. *B.* Do you not know what is provided for my Supper. *S.* Not very well, but whatsoever it is, it shall be ready for your Worship: But you shall be sure of a mess of Sallet Oyle, and a dish of fresh Butter. *B.* Very good. *S.* Nay, it shall be very good. *B.* In good time. *S.* Nay, you shall have it in very good time. *B.* Nay, good Sir, stand not so much upon your Pantoples, but answer me directly to one question; Do

you

you not know one Mr. *Shoe*? *Sp.* Yes, Sir, there be two of that name, the one a High-German, the other a Low-Countryman. *Bo.* I mean him that dwells in the Town. *S.* I know him well, he is a man of very good fashion, and a considerable Housekeeper. *Bo.* And I hear very good report of him, that Mr. *Shoe* is a very upright man. *Slip.* And yet for all that he may go awry sometimes; and this is his fault, he loves to be greased often: But as I take it, heere comes the Gentleman.

*Shoe. String.* Come tye my Shoe. *Pump.* What little go by the ground is that? *Slip.* A Hang-by of Mr. *Shoe*; they call him Shooc-tye, a fellow that I am not beholding to: But *Pump*, farewell awhile. (*Exit Slip.*) *P.* Slipper farewell. *Pump* will have a fling at you anon. *Shoe, Sirrah,* How doth my Cofin Stocking?

*Str.* Faith, Sir, He was lately a dying, but now they say, he is on the mending hand. *Sh.* Why, what's the matter? *Str.* They say he took a grief, because he stretch himself for Mr. *Leg*, and so brake. *Sh.* Well, if that be all, we'll have the matter taken up: But for my Neighbour *Foot*, what sayes he?

*Str.* Marry *Foot* saith, he scorneth to be kept in by your Vows, as he is a part of the Body Politick, and a Member of the Commonwealth; he will do his best to tread you under foot. *Sh.* Alas, poor wretch, I took him in, when he might have stood and cool'd his Toes: But let him go whither he will, he shall never come into my latch again. But is not yonder Mr. *Boat*? *Bo.* Mr. *Shoe*. *Sh.* Your poor friend: *Shoe* would do Mr. *Boat* any service, One that will spend life and limb to do you service: But methinks Mr. *Boat* you look somewhat old, for you are full of wrinkles.

*Bo.* Age and Travel will alter a man. *Sh.* I hope you have been no great Traveller. *Bo.* as great as any goes upon earth; for travel, *Coriati* could never come neerer me. *Sh.* I think so, for *Coriati* went always on foot, You travel on Horseback. But what think you of *Coriati*'s Book of his Travels?

*Bo.* I suppose he took great pains, and travelled hard for it; but his Grudges I could never digest them; he cannot so much as pass by a Walnut Tree, but he must have a fling at it: He can as well be hang'd as pass by a Gibbet, and every pair of Gallows he removes, as if they were *Hercules*'s Pillars: but because he is my fellow-traveller, I'll let him pass. *Sh.* But what say you to Mr. *Mendenil*? they say he went to the Worlds end, and then I am sure none of you can go beyond him. *Bo.* I think so for lying, for he will go to a hair; He loseth his hair in some hot skirmish, and then sayes, he was burnt in going too neer the Sun.

*Sh.* Faith it was a bold excuse, and yet it was well enough: Put off, let us leave these Land-travellers for a company of dry fellows: Now for the Water-men, let us have an Oare in their Bote; What say you to *Drake* and *Candish*?

*Boat.* Faith *Candish* made a good Voyage at the first, but was clean o're the ears ere he was aware the second time, he had so engag'd himself, and so in the end proved a Cast-away.

*Sh.* It is an excellent thing for a Mariner to keep himself within Compass; but how sped *Drake*? *Bo.* *Drake* was a wilde fellow, but before he had done, he so trounced the *Spaniards*, that he made them quake, quake. *Sh.* And these Seamen methinks should stand best to their Tackling. But what's the reason, these Puritans cannot abide them? *B.* I think it is because they hate the Sea of Rome.



*Sb.* Or it is because they use the Cardinals Windes. *Bo.* Or perhaps because they hate the invention of Cards. *Sb.* Or because they have a Pilot in their Company. *Bo.* I am partly of their minde; I have gone as far as any of them, but by my good will, *Boor* will never take water. But by this time, *Mr. Shoe* I think your heels do ake with standing, therefore sit down here, and I will unfold unto you the whole discourse of my Travels in Print. *String.* Now while my Master and *Mr. Boor* are set at talk, I'll enter Complement with this finical Gentleman; Sir, your friend *Shoe-string* had no sooner got to see you, but he must needs salute you in the way of kindness.

*Pump.* Sir, in reciprocal congratulation, I kiss the very shadow of your *Shoe-string*. *Str.* I pray, Sir, let me crave your name. *P.* Do then. *Str.* Then, Sir, with your good leave and liking, what's your name. My name is *Water Pump*, Sir,

*Str.* Very well: *Water*, I thought your name was *Water*, you look so thin on't; surely he that made your Trunks was a very good Taylor, he went so roundly to work. *Pump.* Why, Sirrah, I hope, Jack-sawce, I may wear these Nocks in despite of your Nose. *Str.* Surely you were a fortunate young man, you were lapt in your Mothers Smock, for she hath given you one of her old Blankets.

*Pump.* You harp too much upon one String, *Shoe-tye*, though your Tongue be ne're so busie about my Nocks; I do not think you can pull down my Breeches. *Str.* Shite on your Breeches; I care not a farre for them. *P.* Well I perceive shortly, if I should stay ne're so long, you will never leave wagging: Well, I'll leave you to my fellow *Spur*. Exit.

*Enter Spur with a Cloak-bag.*

*Spur.* Good Ostler, if ever you mean to curry favour with me, look well to my Horses, and let them be well littered, or else I'll care not a straw for you; do not play the fresh Serving-man with me: pour down their Provender before them, and let them try it out by the Teeth.

*Str.* *Mr. Bo.* is a strange man, he hath a pair of Serving-men look as if they were not fellows; one in his Nocks, and another in his Cloakbag: Pray, Sir, before— give me leave to *Spur* you one question. *Sp.* If you will give me leave to kick you an answer. *Str.* Pray, Sir, what Countryman are you?

*Sp.* *Northamptonshire* man, and I was born at *Rowel*.

*Str.* I had thought you had been a *German*; you are something a kin to *Kicker-man*. *Sp.* I perceive you are a notable Slip-string: but, Sirrah, is thy Master here?

*Str.* What if he be, *Spur* hath nothing to do with him. *Sp.* O, He comes in good time, for all my Horses want shoes. *Str.* do not disparage my Master, for I will not change with you without *Boor*.

*Sp.* Nor I with you, for all the shoes in your Shop. *Str.* Go to, hold your peace, if *Boor* be so lusty, we'll have him strap. *Sp.* Boy, hold your prating, if *Shoe* lie out, I'll clout him my self: What is your Master but a Zicizen, and then he is but a Prentice at the most; And thy Master (saith *String*) is but a Traveller, and then he is a Journeyman. *Sp.* *Shoe-tye* hold your peace, or I'll hang you up for the sign of the *Rose*. *Str.* I can tell you the *Rose* is the best flower in my Masters Garden. But I wonder *Spur* why you are so sharp; for all your great Sword, if I once buckle with you, I'll leather your Hide.

*Sp.* I hope my Sword troubleth not you; if you be so busie *Shoe-tye*, take heed, this

this is the great Sword that cut the Gordian knots.

*Sir*. I could never tell why such clownish Serving-men are ry'd to such great Swords, unless it be when they fear they might touch cold iron.

*Sp*. Sirrah, I'll tell you, with the point I'll prick a hole in your coat, and with the Hilt I'll pannel you about the pate.

*Sir*. But stay, Sirrah, here comes your Master to take you off.

*Bo*. Mr. *Shoe*, you and I come both from one house, for as Antiquaries say, we are lineally descended from *Thug-saffle*.

*Sb*. Nay, there Mr. *Boot* I think you are wide, for I heard some say, that our Ancestors were born at *Bulver-bide*, but it is no great matter, it is certain we came both from one stock. *Bo*. But I forgot to tell you one thing as I passed by this Town side, I had much ado to 'scape this Tree: so coming along *France-fa deep*, I fell up to the top in a dirty hole, and was so demired, that I was fain to get an Ostler to make me clean.

*Sb*. Bee-lady that was a foul mischance. *Sp*. Nay, I can tell you *Boot* hath many of those Voyages, for he hath gone through chick and thin.

*Sb*. Well, now I see plainly before my face that you are a great Traveller, you excel *Ulysses* for all he was so long abroad; that when he came home his wife knew him not, no more then his Dog: and *Aeneas* though he was a true Trojan, yet may come far behind you. *Bo*. As for *Ulysses*, *Circes* made a very Hog-rubber of him; and for *Aeneas*, any Ape may do as much as he did. *Sb*. Good, Sir, may I entreat but one thing, that you would bestow this Map on me.

*Bo*. Mr. *Shoe*, I would be loath to stick with you for any thing, but you must pardon me, I should not part with this Map for a world: but I think I have held you too long, therefore to wind up all in a word, after this rare discourse, I will invite you to part of a bad Supper.

*Shoe*, No, faith I mean to go another way.

*Bo*. Nay, Mr. *Sb*. I will not be put off so.

*Sb*. Nay, then good Mr. *Boot* lead you the way, I'll follow at an inch. *Exeunt Boot and Shoe*.

*Sir*. I hope you are somewhat cooler, you are not a hot Spur still.

*Sp*. No, faith, my little wagg, 'twas but a flourish: but why went my fellow Pump away?

*Sir*. It seems he had been drinking somewhat stiffy, and your Pump could not hold his water. *Enter Slipper, Jugg, and a Glass*.

*Sp*. What? how now *Slipper*, never without a Jugg of Beer in thy hand?

*Slip*. I, here you may see as in a glass the life that we Chamberlains lead.

*Sir*. Come, 'tis in a good hand, pray begin to sombody.

*Slip*. Sirrah, you may be sure I'll not begin to you, for I was never beholding to *Shoe-tye*.

*Sir*. And that is that hath made you such a loose fellow.

*Slip*. Go to String, you are a very wag-halter; here's to thee *Spur*, thou art all steel to the back. *Sp*. Come, I'll never refuse Chamberlain; but I am half out of love with those Officers, one of them yesternight gave me such a rub.

(*Slip*. Drinks) *Sir*. What, a whole one? *Spur*. What else but a whole one: *Slip*. was alwaies a dry Whorson.

Sir And I have always marked this in him, when Slipper was sober he was in his plain fashion, but when he is tipsy he is always in his turn-over.

Slip Well Shooze, if you use these tricks, you may chance come to be knit up. But I pray you, Sir, take off your liquor.

Sp. Here Shooze, (he drinks.) Troth, I wonder at these Taphers how they bear so much drink, such another glass as this would make Sir's head turn round.

Enter Pump. Pump. I thought where I should find you, you must stand nelling here, while

poor Pump must dance attendance; come away quickly, or my Master swears he

have you all again the Shoemakers Stock. Sir Faith, for my Master Shooze, I have him in a Song.

Sp. For Mr. Best I have served him on and off a good while.

Sir Faith, Pump thou stand'st though thou hadst neither life nor soul; will you drink? Pump No, by no means, I had as lief pour it into my shoes.

Sp. I hope Pump you may be drawn by little and little.

P. Nay, if you be there about, I must take me to my heels. Exit.

Sp. Though I cast up for my Master, yet I love my Supper, therefore I will stand after Supper till I have a Catch in the Chimney-corner.

Exit. Sir. Conclude. Exit.

Slip. Pray you Sir, while you sing the Song let me hear the burden. I take

such a Cloak-bag, and I will not let you go till you have given me the bag very

pleasantly. Sp. Thank you heartily, 'tis for mine own ease, I hope you have never

a Cloak for your Knavery, for if you have, you have given me the bag very

sweetly. Exit.

## EPILOGUE; Spoken by Shoemaker.

**I**F Bungler-like my Work be brought to end,  
I'll be a Cöbler, who ye know may mend.

Next time I hope my Work shall be more meet;

Now I have learnt the length of all your feet;

But if in Workmanship I do excell,

I know your bounty, ye will pay me well.

Or else I'll trust, and look't at your Commands,

So that ye will subscribe it with your Hands.

FINIS.